

A. M. Bennett

1696

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C A M I L L A,

A N

O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E

I N

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

L O N D O N :

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To the Right Honourable the
Lady *W H A R T O N*.

M A D A M,

TH E mighty Encouragement *Musick* has lately met with in *England*, is not only an Effect of the true Taste our Nobility and Gentry entertain of that nice Science, but an Instance that we have some among us, who may be able in time to bring it into a settled Reputation.

Hitherto it seem'd confin'd to the more *Southern Climates*, as if it had been the peculiar Product of those happier Countries; and languish'd, like tender *Exoticks*, when remov'd into our *colder Region*: But some late Attempts have made it appear, that the *English* Genius is not so inharmonious, but that a publick Encouragement may render us capable of contending for the Mastery with the *Italians* themselves.

The Dedication.

This Consideration made me ambitious of Addressing the following Essay to your *Ladyship*, which is design'd to introduce a foreign Composition, that may serve at present to give us a Taste of the *Italian* Musick, and in Time prove a Foil to the *English*.

Since it is almost impossible but so publick an Attempt should meet with a powerful Opposition, it will in all Probability miscarry, unless foster'd under Your *Ladyship's* more powerful Protection.

Wherefore, *Madam*, I am not only presuming to recommend my self to Your *Ladyship's* Patronage, but a noble Science that at once wants and deserves it. And as the Design of this Address is new and uncommon, so must the Management of it be too; for being an Advocate to Your *Ladyship* in a Publick Cause, I am to deliver my self accordingly, and instead of petitioning for Your Favour from any Personal Considerations of my own, I am to tell you how much the whole Faculty expects it from Your *Ladyship's* known Judgment, prevailing Interest, unbounded Generosity, and that innate Goodness which entitles the Wretched and Distress'd

The Dedication.

to Your Pity and Protection. These Qualities being so eminent in Your *Ladyship*, seem design'd by Providence for a Publick Benefit.

I could here indulge myself, *Madam*, in this inexhaustable Theme; but then, like other Dedicators, I should lye under the Imputation of Flattery; tho' with this Difference, that as they usually flatter their Patrons, I should more grossly flatter myself, in presuming upon a Subject so much above my Strength, and which both despises, and surmounts the elevated Expressions of the ablest Panegyrist.

That Reflection makes me tremble, *Madam*, at the Thought of any farther Attempt, and shows me with how much Discretion I ought to use the Liberty of approaching Your *Ladyship* in this manner, and with what profound Respect I must always be,

Madam,

Your *Ladyship's* most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

Owen Swiney



TO THE Nobility *and* Gentry.



THE Delicacy of Taste in Musick which the English have of late Years arriv'd to makes it necessary that all Entertainments of this kind shou'd be as exquisite as the Nature of the Thing will bear. For this Reason it is, that the Persons concern'd in the reviving of English Opera's lay before the Town the Scheme of their Undertaking; not without Hopes, from former Encouragements, that the World will come into so Agreeable and Innocent a Diversion.

Their first and principal Design is to fix these Entertainments, and make them more lasting in England. It has been observ'd, that if we shou'd have the Misfortune to lose the best of the Italian Performers, either through Age, want of Health, or their Customary Inclination of returning to their Native Country, Opera's must necessarily fall. But it wou'd be happy if we had young People train'd up here in England, and instructed to sing after the Italian Manner; (and sure the Town will be willing to encourage such a Nursery, who may emulate those Excellent Performers :) This wou'd be a Means not only to establish but perpetuate these favourite Entertainments.

To those who may perhaps mention the Difficulty of finding Native Voices for the English Theatre, we beg leave to observe that England has already supply'd us with Mrs. Tofts, Mrs. Barbier, and Mrs. Robinson; who may stand in Competition with the most Eminent among the Italians: There have formerly been Men, who have given entire Satisfaction to the
Publick

To the NOBILITY and GENTRY.

Publick on the Stage, and there is no Reason why others may not be found now, who will be glad to qualify themselves upon Encouragement. We cannot but remember one of late Years, whose Voice, dedicated to more solemn Performances, the Italians themselves have own'd was not to be parallel'd; and if we may expect to be supply'd with the like, those Artificial Voices, which are the peculiar Product of Italy, may well be spared; and we are apt to believe the English will never regret the want of them in their own Country.

As the moderate Price demanded will help to convince the Town that the Principal Aim is to divert the Publick upon the most easy and reasonable Terms the Nature of the Affair will admit; so at the same time the Persons concern'd confess they flatter themselves that this very Method will in the Event be serviceable to them. For they cannot conceive how any Diversion can be lasting that is so Burdensome, as are those Exorbitant Prices, Large Subscriptions, and frequent Benefit-Days. These are Grievances that have been justly complain'd of, and which they are resolv'd shall never be charg'd upon them. They are determin'd to sit down satisfied with a moderate Gain; and if in the Prosecution of this Design they shall hereafter have Occasion to make Application to the Publick for some additional Encouragement, they promise that it shall be in such moderate Terms as every body may think well of.

Now what they hope they may promise themselves in the Success, depends upon these Three Particulars; the General Encouragement from the Town to what has been propos'd: The Reasonableness of the Performers in their Demands; and the good Oeconomy and sincere Design of Pleasing in those who have undertaken it.

PROLOGUE.

W *Hilst Martial Troops, with more than Martial Rage,
For Austria these, for Bourbon those engage,
Cover with Blood th' unhappy Latian Plains,
Insult their Shepherds, and oppress their Swains,
Camilla frighten'd from her Native Seat,
Hither is driv'n to beg a safe Retreat.*

*O! may the exil'd Nymph a Refuge find,
Such as may ease the Labours of her Mind.
Hear her, ye Fair, in tuneful Notes complain;
Pity her Anguish, and remove her Pain.
To you her Vindication does belong,
To you the Mourner has address'd her Song:
Let her your Hearts with just Compassion move,
By Musick soften'd, and endear'd by Love.
So may your Warrior Lords successful fight,
May Honour crown the Day, and Love the Night;
May Conquest still attend their gen'rous Arms,
'Till their Swords grow as fatal as your Charms.*

The Persons Represented.

<i>Latinus, King of Latium, and of the Volsicians.</i>	} Mr. Jones.
<i>Preneſto, Son of Latinus.</i>	Mrs. Margarita.
<i>Turnus, or Armidoro, King of the Rutilians.</i>	} Mrs. Barbier.
<i>Metius, a Volſcian Knight, and Cap- tain of Latinus his Guards.</i>	} Mr. Armstrong.
<i>Linco, a Country-Man of Volſcia.</i>	Mr. Leveridge.
<i>Camilla, ſuppos'd a Shepherd's Neice, but Queen of the Volsicians.</i>	} Mrs. Fletcher.
<i>Lavinia, Daughter of Latinus.</i>	Mrs. Aubert.
<i>Tullia, a Lady of the Court.</i>	Mr. Pack.
<i>Guards and Huntsmen.</i>	



C A M I L L A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Champion Country with Plains and easie Hills, the End of a Wood on one Side, and Prospect of a City at Distance.*

Enter Camilla and Linco.

CAMILLA.



THESE fertile Fields, and flow'ry Meads

[I greet,

These Walls are the fair *Volscian* Seat.
Ah! this killing Sight fresh Grief sup-
plies,

And melts my weeping Eyes.

*Lin. Metabo, your Royal Father, now at Rest,
Flew from Latino's Arms, by Fate opprest:
The dear Companion of his Flight was you,
The Wrongs you suffer'd much too young to know.*

Cam. And my poor Mother!

*Linc. Nature's boasted Pride;
The Hour she gave you to the World, she dy'd.*

Cam. Forlorn Camilla! Fate has done its worst.

*I was born of Royal Race,
But yet must wander in Disgrace;
All the Pomp my Fortune yields,
Are humble Vallies, Flocks and Fields.*

SCENE II. *A Company of Huntsmen, Pre-
nesto and Metius behind the Scenes.*

Cam. Hark! Linco! a Voice.

Linc. They're Huntsmen at the Chace.

Cam. Oh remember! *Linco*, pray!
So may the Gods still prosper thee,
Discover not thy self, nor me.

Linc. Yes, I remember,
I'll ne'er the Secret betray.
I've got my Part
Already by heart;
And know what to reply;
You are my Neice, your Uncle I.

Cam. That *Dorinda's* my Name.

Linc. I shall not forget.

Cam. And my Life scarce of late——

Linc. You need not repeat.

Pren. Help me! oh help me! [*A wild Boar struck*

Hunts. Let's try to assist him. *by Prenesto.*

Linc. Ye Gods, what Alarm!

Hunts. Quick run to his Aid.

Enter Prenesto. The Boar pursuing him.

Pren. O Heav'ns! who defends me!

Cam. My Arm. [*She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.*

Linc. *Dorinda* of nothing afraid,
She's sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid,
And as bright as the Day.

Cam. Take Courage, Hunter, the Savage is dead.

Pren. O Nymph of Race Divine!

That do'st all Nymphs outshine;

Such Glories fill thy Eyes;

My ravish'd Soul surprizing:

That Phœbus at his rising

Less charming paints the Skies.

Cam. Ha! no, I'm Fortune's Scorn,
A Maid in much Distress,
Tho' now, by chance, I've born
The Praise of this Success.

Linc. And know she's *Linco's* Neice.

S C E N E III.

Enter Metius.

Met. My Lord, to your Relief

Metius

Metius ran swift thro' the Field,
But came too late,
Because from far I did your Danger view.

Pren. See here my broken Spear,
I struck the Beast, and part remains
Fix'd in his Side:
Enrag'd, on me he flew, while I for Succour cry'd;
This Goddess of the Plains
A lucky Jav'lin threw;
She pierc'd the Monster with her Dart,
Thus sav'd by her, by her I die.

Met. I with Joy your safety see.
Bright Goddess, on thee
Heav'n this Fame bestows,
To thee his Life *Prenesto* owes,
The great *Latinus* Son.

Cam. *Latinus* Son!

Met. 'Tis he.

Cam. What have I done!

[*Aside.*

See, *Linc.*, see!

While I entreat the Skies
T'avenge my Wrongs, I'm doom'd to save my Enemies.

Pren. What says the lovely Charmer!

Cam. I said that the propitious Skies
Smile on this happy Hour;
For from *Latinus'* Grace and Power

Justice I would implore.
Let me at his Feet make known,
The weight of Woe that sinks me down.

Linc. O dear, dissembling Woman!

Pren. Come to the Court, your Wish obtain;

Since you from Death have sav'd me;

I'll live for you alone;

The Life you freely gave me;

No longer is my own.

[Exit.

Met. Henceforth, bright Goddess of the Woods,
To wield the Jav'lin, or the Spear, [forbear
And only with your Eyes maintain the War.

*Who can forbear admiring,
Or give from sighing over;
Ten thousand Charms conspiring
Lead Captive ev'ry Lover.*

*No Swain attempts to fly her,
The Joy's so sweet and thrilling,
The Joy's so sweet, the Pleasure is so killing.*

*Linc. Camilla, this is Metius, a Volscian Knight,
For Valour much renown'd;
In Peace he was approv'd, in War he was belov'd,
And ever Loyal found.*

*Him have I often heard your Royal Sire commend;
He serv'd him as his Prince, and lov'd him as his Friend.*

*Tho' Fourteen Years are past
Since I beheld him last,
Both the Voice and the Mein,
Of him I've often seen,
Assure me I am right.*

*Cam. Fortune, hitherto severe,
Begins her angry Brow to clear.
Be kind, ye Gods! Assert, assert my Cause,
Protect my Innocence, and defend your Laws.*

*Fortune, ever known to vary,
Now grown weary,
Changes to a Smile her Frown.
Joys unknown are near attending,
Never ending;*

Happy Hours move gaily on. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Chamber in the Royal Palace.

*Enter Lavinia; and after Tullia, and Turnus disguis'd
like a Blackamoor.*

*Lav. Great Cupid, hear me, and ease a Lover,
That feels all over
The raging Flame.*

*The Wound past Cure is, so Love will have it:
The Hand that gave it
I dare not name.*

Tul.

Tul. Turnus, or rather *Armidore*, the fav'rite Slave,
Waiting without does for Admittance crave.

Lav. Let him appear in whom my Thoughts delight;
Whilst he is here, 'tis Day; when he is gone, 'tis Night.

Turn. Lavinia, under this dark Disguise,
A Soul unspotted, Faith unconquer'd lyes.

Turn. and } *One Day Cupid wantonly*

Lav. to- } *Let a pointed Arrow fly,*
gether. } *Made me languish, pine and die.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Latinus.

Tul. Behold *Latinus*!

Lat. Daughter!

Lav. My Royal Father!

Lat. Fame of Beauty, Love of Power,
Draws from many a distant Shore
Crouds that do your Charms adore.
To such a Prince I wish you join'd,
Whose faithful Arms with mine combin'd,
May pull th' imperious *Turnus* down,
And seize on the *Rutilian* Crown.

Turn. Turnus thy fruitless Wishes hears,
Committing to the Wind his Fears. [*Aside.*]

Lat. Do thou make prudent Choice of one,
Worthy thy Love, and my Renown.

Lav. Sir, some small Time for thought allow,
E'er that Choice I do avow.

Turn. Unconstant Mind!

Lat. You nought require
But what is just; think, and be happy.

Soft Blessings descending

Shall crown your Submission;

But Plagues never ending

Flow from Opposition.

[*Exit.*]

Turn. Where is thy Faith, *Lavinia*, now?

Lav. Turnus!

Turn. "Some Time for Thought allow,
"E'er that Choice I do avow.

Ungrateful!

Lav. You wrong your Love, and your *Lavinia*.

Turn. Witness this abhor'd Disguise;
Like *Jove*, I quit my Royal Seat,
For Love my Majesty forget.

The fam'd *Rutulian* King I am no more;
Turnus is lost in *Armidore*,
And this is my Reward.

Lav. Think if openly I seem'd to yield,
Latinus is my Father, I his Child.

Much is to a Father due,
More I own to Love and you.

Turn. Barbarous and ungrateful,
No Virgin can be true.

You vainly strive to stay me,
You lov'd me to betray me,
And so, false Maid, adieu.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Lavinia and Tullia.

Lav. Are then these frequent Sighs and Tears,
My Heart that swells with Hopes and Fears,
Are these the Servants of Deceit?
Wretched *Lavinia*! cruel Fate!

Tul. Madam, your fruitless Tears give over,
Nor mourn for an unworthy Lover.

Lav. Welcome Sorrow, Death attending,
Welcome Death, my Sorrows ending.
When our Hopes and Joys are flying,
Hope despairing
Joys impairing,
What is better then than dying?

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *The Palace.*

Enter Metius, Linco and Camilla.

Met. Art thou the Swain that did resort
In former Times, unto the *Volscian* Court?

Linc. Sir, I am.

Met. And *Dorinda*——

Linc. And *Dorinda*——

Cam. What of *Dorinda* thou desir'st to hear,
Let the poor Shepherdess her self declare.
Great *Metabo* thou once didst serve.

Met. With an approv'd Fidelity.

Cam. Should he return th' Imperial Reins to hold,

Met. With Joy the People would behold

Their lawful Lord,

With Joy receive Great *Metabo* restor'd.

Cam. Should he be no more——

Met. The Royal Exile bury'd on some Foreign Shore,
I would for ever mourn.

Cam. But should *Camilla* once return,
Might she of thy Faith be sure?

Met. To restore her to her own,
And place her on her Father's Throne,
All I gladly would endure.

Cam. *Metius*, great *Metabo* is dead, but see
His wretched Daughter still survive in me.

Met. Art thou *Camilla*?

Cam. Yes, and thy Promise claim.

Met. All I'll venture to restore ye,
Injur'd Princess, to your Right :
If my feeble Sword shou'd fail me,
When the hostile Troops assail me,
By those Powers that now smile o'er ye
With your conqu'ring Eyes I'll fight.

Linc. If from his Word he doth not run
Your Business will be finely done.

Cam. See the just Gods of Innocence
 Regard, with tender Eyes,
 The Sorrows I sustain.

The Pow'rs unseen are arm'd to rise,
 United all in my Defence,
 They drive Despair far off from hence,
 And ease me of my Pain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. A Palace.

Enter Latinus, Prenesto and Lavinia.

Lav. Did then a Shepherdess preserve my Son?

Pren. Sir, to a gen'rous Shepherdess my Life I owe.

Lav. The Name of thy Protectress tell.

Pren. Dorinda.

Lav. Say, where does Dorinda dwell?

Pren. Without she waits with a Request.

Lat. Let her appear.

SCENE IX.

Enter Metius, Camilla and Linco.

Pren. Behold her here, who in the fatal Field,
 Was the forlorn Prenesto's Shield.

Cam. Chance did this Desert bestow,
 That I thus prostrate at your Feet,
 Might a kind Acceptance meet,
 And my Request obtain.

Lat. Rise, and thy Request explain.

Cam. Poor and distress'd tho' now I seem,
 My Father, near Sebeto's Stream,
 Did sometimes large Possessions claim;
 'Till an Usurper, arm'd with Pow'r,
 Arriv'd in an unhappy Hour,
 Seiz'd on our Flocks, my Father flew,
 Did me with equal Rage pursue;
 And now an Exile must I die,
 If your Assistance you deny.

Lat. Metius, with a chosen Band
 Of Volscians, waiting your Command,

Shall

Shall march this Hour to your Relief,

Lav. Fair Dorinda, happy, happy,
Happy may'st thou ever be:

Fortune o'er the World presiding

May she gently smile on thee.

[*Exeunt all but Preneſto, Camilla and Linco.*]

S C E N E X.

Pren. Dorinda, ah! could you my Heart discover,
You there would find a ſoft and tender Lover.

Cam. A Prince's Favour ſurely is Divine,
Nor ſhould it, like the Sun, on Wretches ſhine.

Pren. A Prince's Love, like ſecond Fate,
Doth a ~~low~~ Object new create.

Cam. But when he makes unequal Choice,
He ſtands condemn'd by publick Voice.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Fair Nymph, Lavinia calls thee.

Cam. I am Lavinia's Slave.

Pren. Stay, fair Dorinda;
What would my Siſter have?

Linc. to Tul. Fair, I love thee.

Tul. He is a handsome Swain.

Pren. Dorinda, for Love of thee I burn, I die!

Cam. Such Beauty pleaſes, tho' in an Enemy. [*Aſide.*]

Linc. Who art thou?

Tul. Tullia, a Lady of the Court.

Linc. And I Dorinda's Unkle.

Tul. Thank Heav'n for't.

Cam. Wretched Camilla, a double Slave thou art.
He who expects thy Crown now claims thy Heart.

[*Aſide.*]

Pren. What pow'rful Charms my unguarded Soul
ſurprize!

[*Aſide.*]

Who can reſiſt that Magick of her Eyes?

Pren.

Pren. *Charming Fair, for thee I languish !
But bless the Hand
That gave the Blow.
With equal Anguish
Each Swain despairs,
At her appearing
Streams cease to flow.*

[*Exeunt Pren. and Cam.*

S C E N E XII.

Manent Tullia and Linc.

Tul. Pretty is this Neice of thine ;
How doth she to Love incline ?

Linc. For Love she is too young.

Tul. And yet I saw—but hush, my Tongue.

Linc. Spare your Reflections ; she is right,
And can't distinguish Black from White.

Tul. They are Fools, that can rely
Upon a formal Cast o'th' Eye.

*Among Women, they for certain
Know the most, that least discover,
To the Husband, or the Lover,
When they study to betray.*

*See her to th' Appointment hasting,
Her Steps precise, her Looks upcasting ;
But could you the Fair disclose behind the Curtain,
You'd quickly hear her burst out into an Ah !*

Linc. Dorinda knows not, on my Life,
What Husband means, what's meant by Wife.

Tul. Small Learning will suffice t'explain,
To willing Minds, what those Words mean.

Linc. The Meaning then is known to you ?

Tul. The Theory yes, the Practick no.

Linc. An untouch'd Virgin you appear.

Tul. I dar'd not wed too soon.

Linc. What Thoughts of Wedlock now d'you bear ?

Tul. To wed whilst I am in my Noon.

Linc.

Linc. Thy Noon is Night.

[*Aside:*

Tul. A well-built Wight.

[*Aside.*

Linc. A wanton Witch.

Tul. A Tongue so sweet.

Linc. Yet if she's rich,
I'll throw me at her Feet.

Aged Phillis

Wanton still is,

Paying now for those dear Pleasures,

Which before improv'd her Treasures,

When her Youth was in the Bloom:

Gold supplies what Age is wasting,

Gold has Beauties ever lasting,

Gold gives Brav'ry to the Coward.

Gives good Humour to the Froward,

Gold gives Honour to the Clown.

Tul. Linc.

Linc. See how her Chaps water.

Tul. I find I please.

Linc. 'Therefore I'll be at her.

Like my Brother Beaux o'th' Town,

I'll Love pretend, where there is none.

For thee I burn, my pretty Dame,

Be complaisant, and quench my Flame:

O how much I long t'enfold thee,

And in *Hymen's* Bands to hold thee.

Tul. My House's Honour would miscarry,

Should I to a Peasant marry.

Linc. O Heav'ns!

Tul. Indeed I own that I adore him,

But must not yield yet for decorum.

I languish!

Linc. For whom?

Tul. I sorrow!

Linc. My Dear.

Tul. My Treasure!

Linc. I'm here.

Tul.

Tul. *I speak not to thee.*

Me would'st thou?

Linc. *Thee, thee!*

Tul. *O help me!*

Linc. *Here, here!*

Tul. *Thus pensive I go,
And utter my Woe.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Turnus and Lavinia.

Turn. Unfaithful, let me go!

Lav. Whither?

Turn. Where

Those false deluding Accents I no more may hear.

Latinus Menaces too well I heard;

Too well I know what Troops by *Metius* are prepar'd.

Lav. T'assist *Dorinda* are those Troops design'd.

Turn. *Lavinia* with *Latinus* too was join'd.

Latinus with his numerous Arms,

His Daughter with more pow'rful Charms,

For my Destruction both alike prepare,

And Love more fatal is than War.

Lav. Can'st thou forget me?

Turn. No, I find,

Love unresisted rules my Mind,

The wonted Greatness of my Soul is gone:

Latinus dies, so shall his hated Son.

Lav. And *Lavinia*——

Turn. O I live in her.

Lav. And yet your warlike Squadrons to prepare
You go.

Turn. I go.

Lav. And those against *Latinus* you will lead?

Turn. Yes.

Lav. *Latinus* is my Father; when he's dead——
But see him here.

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Latinus.**Lat. Lavinia, hast thou chosen?**Turn. What do I hear?**Lav. I've chosen one**Worthy your Daughter, and your Throne.**Lat. O name him to me, that I may,
Bless thee, and this auspicious Day.**Lav. You wish'd for Turnus fetter'd to your Throne;
Turnus is worthy, and must be your Son.**Lat. Turnus wilt thou wed?**Turn. What have I done?**Lav. In vain we labour to recede
From what by Fate has been decreed.**Lat. Fate with free Will has bless'd Mankind.**Lav. To Love that Freedom I've resign'd.**Lat. Let her that dares thus insolent rebel,
Let her in close Confinement dwell;
Let none Admittance to her have,
But Armidore, the faithful Slave.
If thy fond Wishes still to Turnus cleave,
From Death alone expect a late Reprieve.* *[Exit.*

S C E N E XV.

*Manent Turnus and Lavinia.**Turn. Pardon, Lavinia, my too jealous Fears.**Lav. Unfaithful sure Lavinia still appears.**Turn! See, I repent.**Lav. Be gone, and leave the Maid
By whom the Royal Turnus is betray'd.**Turn. Forbear tormenting thy unhappy Guest,
By his own Guilt too much oppress'd.**Lav. To thee I swear, and to just Heav'n,
Rather than violate my Faith once giv'n,*

I will unmov'd to Death withstand
 My angry Father's hard Command;
 And when I am dead,
 Let this upon my Urn be read.

“ Here lies *Lavinia*,

“ Who to preserve unmov'd her Faith,

“ Chearfully resign'd to Death.

Turn. *Ab! never yet was known*

A Nymph so kind and true,

So fair and faithful too.

Despair no more pursues me,

My fancy'd Fears are flown;

My Thoughts no Bliss refuse me,

My former Cares adieu.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Preneſto and Camilla.

Pren. **D**Orinda, hear a faithful Lover.

Cam. What would Preneſto ſay?

Pren. *In vain I fly from Sorrows,*

That ſtill attend me;

From my Embraces flying,

Behold me weeping, dying.

Theſe Tears thus daily flowing,

This Breſt with Sighs ſtill glowing,

Will quickly end me.

Cam.

Cam. *Preneſto!* how can I that Joy beſtow,
Which I my ſelf muſt never know?

Pren. With your Grief I ſympathize,
But read Averſion in your Eyes.

Cam. You wrong your own, accusing mine,
My tender Thoughts with Pity move.

Pren. And yet ungrateful, you decline
To eaſe my Heart, and crown my Love.

Cam. Upbraid no more, *Preneſto*,

My Virgin Paſſion;
With you I pine and languish,
I feel your Grief and Anguiſh,
But Fate is unrelenting,

And Fear is ſtill preventing

My Inclination.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Preneſto ſolus.

Pren. Bright *Phæbus's* Rays, that warm the Skies,
Are not ſo killing as her Eyes:
That heav'nly Grace, and comely Pride,
Are not to her low Birth ally'd.

To Beauty devoted,
Expecting, deſiring,
With Paſſion expiring,
I ſerve the blind Boy.

Yet ever contented,
So eaſie the Chain is,
So pleaſing the Pain is,
I ſerve him with Joy.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Linco and Metius.

Met. *Linco!*

Linc. My Lord.

Met. Do thou to fair *Camilla* haſte,
And bid her, e'er an Hour be paſt,
To that Part of the City go,
Where *Amafeno's* Waters flow.

Linc.

Linc. To my Mistress lo I fly,
And will a Fool, or wise Man be,
As with the Times shall best agree.

[*Exit.*

Met. I love, but dare not

My Flame discover,

Lest I displease her,

When I assure her how much I love her.

Thus am I wounded

Beyond all curing,

Nor dare I tell her

What I'm enduring.

SCENE IV.

Latinus, Turnus and Prenesto.

Lat. Doth she continue still unmov'd?

Turn. Turnus, she saith, must ever be belov'd.

Pren. Unwise Lavinia!

Turn. Constant Fair!

Lat. What doth she talk on? let me know.

Turn. In Turnus' Praise her Tongue doth hourly flow,
And often when to *Armidore* she speaks

Her Tongue mistakes,

And calls me Turnus.

Lat. This is the highest Disobedience,
And Death shall punish the Offence.

Pren. Let your Resentments to soft Pity yield.

Turn. Remember, Sir, Lavinia is your Child.

Lat. An impious Justice will I do.

Here, *Armidore*

Turn. Ye cruel Gods, what now!

Lat. Haste to Lavinia, and discharge thy Trust.
Or Turnus let her strait forsake,
Or in this Cup her Passion slake.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Manet Turnus.

Turn. Kill my *Lavinia*, did *Latinus* say?
No Tyrant, *Turnus* never will obey.

*Now, Cupid, or never,
Be kind, and discover
What Turnus must do.
When Danger's appearing,
And kind Fortune veering,
Our Thoughts are but slow.*

Now, Cupid, &c. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Linco in a Gentleman's Dress, follow'd by Tullia.

Linc. Fortune, like a wanton Gipsie,
Often turns Things upside down.
*When she's grown a little tipsie,
In a Trice, Sir,
She will give a sudden Rise, Sir,
To a Justice from a Clown.
The Reason why
Must ne'er be known.*

Enter Tullia.

Tull. *Linco*, is it thee alone?

Linc. Let Freedom less, and more Respect be shown.

Tul. I find the Proverb verify'd,
Set a Beggar on Horseback, and he'll ride.

Linc. My Neice *Dorinda*, you have heard,
A Gentlewoman is declar'd;
And 'tis but Reason good that I
Should State assume accordingly.

Tull. Illustrious *Linco*, let us now —

C

Linc.

Linc. What?

Tul. That I'm not marry'd yet, you know.

Linc. What then?

Linc. I have enough express'd,
Spare my Shame, and guess the rest.

Tul. I cannot guess, I'm such a Duncce,
Take Heart, and out with't all at once.

Tul. Then to make plain the Matter, I
Thy wedded Wife would gladly be.

Linc. Too high for *Linco* you were late,
'Tis my turn now, and I take State.

For I remember ———

Tul. What dost thou remember?

Linc. *Thus pensive I go,
And utter my Woe.*

Tul. Not so much Cruelty,
I prithee now, my *Linco*, I do conjure thee.
I long to be thy Bride.

*All Day I long to eye thee,
All Night I could lye by thee,
I do assure thee.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

An Apartment of Lavinia, a Chair on one Side.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Save me, with Joy possess me,
Ye Hopes, that once did bless me,
Through all this Maze of Fate ;
Save me from straying.

Sweeter it is to suffer
The pleasing Pains of Love,
Than through false Joys to rove,
So soon decaying.

Thou God of Sleep, beguile
My Miseries a-while ;
That with fresh Vigour I may bear
Whate'er the cruel Fates prepare.

[*Sleeps.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Turnus.

Turn. See where secure she lies asleep,
 Whilst Fear and Jealousie at distance keep.
 From Death's soft Image rise, my Fair,
 And for Death it self prepare.

Lav. Who robs me of that Golden Rest,
 With which my weary'd Thoughts were blest?

Turn. See him, who lives alone in thee,
 Unkindly wakes and summons thee to die.

Lav. To die!

Turn. Your cruel Father has decreed;
 His Daughter by this Hand must bleed.

Lav. Welcome my Death from any Hand would be,
 But doubly welcome, when it comes from thee.
 Strike, and my Father's Will obey.

Turn. In wounding thee, I shall my self destroy.

Lav. Art thou not *Turnus*?

Turn. Thou know'st I am.

Lav. Be like thy self then, truly brave,
 And scorn the Weakness of a Slave.

Turn. Thy precious Life for ever I'll protect,
 And at thy Father's Breast this Steel direct.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Latinus.

Lat. Desponding Slave! why this Delay?
 Haste, and my just Commands obey.

Lav. Dread Sir, *Lavinia* does not beg to live,
 But that your Pardon you would kindly give,
 If your unhappy Daughter Death should chuse,
 Rather than violate her Virgin Vows.

Lat. Die then forgotten and abhor'd.

Lav. My Breast is open; strike, my Lord.

Turn. I'll perish rather!

Lat. Most audacious Slave!
 Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave!

Turns I scorn the Task to which I am assign'd ;
I wear a Monarch's Soul, and Lover's Mind.

In me see *Turnus*.

Lat. *Turnus* art thou, and in a Slave's Disguise ?
My Daughter's Honour thou hast stain'd,

For which thy Life shall pay.

Turn. I swear by Empire, and by Love I swear,
Her Honour's bright as is the Morning Star.
Henceforth let Enmity and Discord cease,
And let *Lavinia* be the Pledge of Peace.

Lat. Anger to Friendship does give way,
Like Night that flies approaching Day.

Lav. Joys are attending,
Those Cares are ending
That did distress me.
Love reconciling,
And Fortune smiling,
Equally bless me.

Turn. Instruct me, Love, this sudden Change to bear ;
Past Sorrows make our present Joys sincere.

Around her see Cupid flying,
Behold him wishing, dying ;
Such Graces shine all o'er her,
That Gods adore her.

Forbear, unhappy Lover,
Thy fond Pursuit give over.
Thou never wilt persuade her,
Thou bold Invader !

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

A Wood.

Enter Metius, Camilla, and the People.

Met. Behold *Camilla*, the great *Volscian* Queen,
An Exile long th' unhappy Fair has been ;
At length she comes in a propitious Hour,
To free her Subjects from a lawless Power

Cam. For

Cam. For your sakes, not my own, I'm come
To drive the Usurper far away,
And rule ye with a lawful Sway.

Met. *Preneſto* comes!

People. Then let him die.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Preneſto.

Cam. Forbear.

Met. With calmer Thoughts you muſt proceed.

Pren. Yes, let him die; let the Oppreſſor bleed
That wrong'd *Dorinda*. Ye martial Spirits, draw,
And let the Will of *Metius* be your Law.

Met. Love leads to Battel,

Who dares oppoſe him?

The Rebel Squadrons his Preſence fly;

See how the Heroe

Drives all before him.

Arm'd with Light'ning ſhot from her Eye.

[Exeunt Metius and the People.]

S C E N E XII.

Manent Preneſto and Camilla.

Cam. Hope would my fond Heart enſnare.
But Oh! —

Pren. But what?

Cam. My Soul is all Deſpair;
Close in my Boſom let it ſleep.

Pren. Thy ſecret Grief unfold.

Cam. Conceal'd my Thoughts I ought to keep.

Pren. To me they may be told.

Cam. 'Tis Love.

Pren. Of whom? Were I the happy Swain!

Cam. My Tyrant's Son is Author of my Pain.

Pren. Unhappy Paſſion! I condemn thy Love
To him, who ſhould thy Indignation move.

Cam. Love is too mighty, and controls the Heart:
Thy Sire my Tyrant, thou my Idol art. *[Aſide.]*

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Linco.

Linc. Young Prince, *Latinus* doth your Presence crave;
 In *Armidoro*, the pretended Slave,
Turnus is found, who safe in that Disguise
 Has paid his Vows to Fair *Lavinia's* Eyes.

Pren. What's that I hear?

Cam. Surprizing News!

Pren. My Father to attend I go,
 And wish you'd cease to love your Foe.

Ungrateful you fly me,

Unkindly deny me.

Tho' Passion so tender

Sure never was known.

You fly your Pursuer,

You court your Undoer,

And tamely surrender

To one you should shun.

[Exit.]

S C E N E XIV.

Manent Camilla and Linco.

Linc. *Turnus* is the *Rutilian* King;
 To him, if you your Grief disclose,
 He might his kind Assistance bring,
 And loving you dethrone your Foes.

Cam. Thou know'st his Vows are to *Lavinia* paid.

Linc. With you the *Volscian* Kingdom he will get,
 The Charms of Love to Empire may submit.

Cam. Love and Ambition strive.

Which shall the Conquest gain;

'Tis sweet in Love to thrive,

And pleasant 'tis to reign.

Both Champions are courageous,

And equal is the Scale;

I feel 'em both outrageous,

Nor know which will prevail.

[Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E XV.

Manet Linc.

Linc. Love hath a Character not half so bad
As he deserves; he makes Folks mad.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Behold your Vassal low,
Does to your Footstool bow.

Linc. For constant Proof of what I say,
In her the past Age present see:
A few kind Words, a wanton Smile,
Shall the amorous Crone beguile.

Tullia, forgive all past Offences.

Tul. Joy has depriv'd me of my Senses.

Linc. Thoughts interposing made my Tongue
Utter what did not to my Heart belong.

Tul. I would not change my present Fate,
To be first Minister of State.
I do invite thee as my Guest,
To share in the approaching Feast,
Which great *Latinus* doth provide,
For *Turnus* and his Royal Bride.

Linc. I will go with thee.

Tul. I must know
On what thou dost Contemplate so.

Linc. I'm charm'd with thy Court-like Address.

Tul. See how he eyes me!

Linc. Thy Beauty pleases to excess:
It doth surprize me.

Tullia, *I feel thy Charms begin to move me;*
Say, in pity, can you love me?

You fill, with balmy Sweats, the ambient Air.

O! would a gentle Smile but once relieve me,

No Passion would with mine compare;

You'd yield to Love, and Love would ne'er deceive you.

Tul. I thought, when first he seem'd so nice,
He would in time reward my Pain.

In Love-Affairs I'm still so wise,
 That first, or last, I'm sure to gain.
Something is in my Face so alluring,
Such Graces procuring,
That no Beauty more is.

Young Men, and Old, alike do desire me;
Alike they do Fire me,
With passionate Stories.

They Sing, and they Caper, they Dress, and look Fine:
In hopes that Fair Tullia will one Day incline:

But Fair One, endeavour
To live honest ever,
Whate'er they Design.

[Exit.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Turnus and Camilla, and after Lavinia.

Turn. When Love to Constancy is join'd,
 What unknown Raptures fill the Miud!

Cam. Great Sir!

Turn. Come near.

Cam. Your Slave vouchsafe to hear.

Turn. Turnus was never deaf to a Virgin's Pray'r.

Cam. I am the Unhappy Shepherdess.

Turn. I've lately heard of thy Distress.
 Thy Valour too, I've heard proclaim'd;
 Whilst this my Wonder, that my Pity claim'd.
 How gracefully she moves!

Cam. I sue to thee.

The Gods reject not a poor Suppliant's Knee:

Turn. She of no Mortal Race appears,
 A Heav'nly Form her Visage wears.

Nymph, I adore ye!

[Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Ungrateful!

Turn. Such Heav'nly Beauty ———

Lav. Turnus! Dorinda!

Turn. I am Lavinia's Slave.

Cam.

Cam. What would the Princess have?

Lav. Nymph, I adore ye!

Turn. Lavinia!

Lav. Such Heav'nly Beauty!

Turn. Your jealous Fears remove.

Lav. With such a Grace y'are pleas'd to see her move.

Cam. Live in each other, happy Pair,
None so True, and none so Fair.

Lav. Ungrateful *Turnus*!

Turn. You wrong my Love.

Lav. Were she but Noble, as she's Fair,
I know for her you wou'd declare.

Cam. 'Tis far beneath your Dignity,
Thus to insult o'er Misery.

Lav. *Dorinda*, leave me, may'st thou be
Happy in any but in him.

Cam. I fly;
Yet I'm a Queen, as well as she.

[Exit.

Lav. Fly, fly, and follow your Idol Beauty,
That flies before ye.

*I find no Ease in
The Life you gave me
Death is more pleasing,
Why did you save me?
But yet remember,
I did adore Ye.*

Fly, fly, &c.

[Exit.

Turn. Her jealous Fears at once perplex and please,
For Jealousie's a sign of fervent Love;
Yet gladly would I give her Passion Ease,
And her ill-grounded Jealousie remove.

O Tyrannous Jealousie!

*Fly far away, no more molest,
Fly from my Fair Lavinia's Breast,
Resign to Love and Joy,
Aspiring,
And fatal Feuds desiring
A tender Lover's Passion,*

*A Virgin's Inclination,
Thou labour'st to destroy.*

End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Latinus, Turnus, and Prenesto.

Lat. **T**urnus, I rather chose t' enjoy in thee
A living Friend, than kill an Enemy.

Turn. With equal Care did I the Blow decline;
My Life was in your Pow'r, and yours in mine.

Lat. Then here in lasting Friendship let us join,
My Safety be your Care, and yours be mine.

But this I do demand, that you
With unextinguish'd Rage pursue
The Blood of *Metabo*, if any yet
Survive, new Troubles to create.

Turn. To that I swear.

Lat. We swear it both;
And Heav'n be witness of the Oath. [Exit.

Turn. The Stars propitious on my Fortune shine,
And fair *Lavinia* will be ever mine.

Pren. Thou may'st with Joy the Nuptial Rites pre-
Whilst equal to thy Greatness is the Fair. [pare,
The Nymph I love, I never must possess;
Honour forbids that I so low should wed,
Or She submit to an unlawful Bed.
Never shall I be blest in possessing.

Turn. Happy shall I be soon, in possessing
Both her whose Charms my fond Heart does int'ral.

Pren.

Pren. *Hopes assuring*

Turn. ——— *Joys alluring.*

Pren. *Avoid me.*

Turn. *Invite me.*

Pren. *O the Torments that poor Lovers feel!*

Turn. *O the Pleasures that blest Lovers steal!*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lavinia and Tullia.

Tul. Fear not, *Dorinda* I'll observe with Care,
And *Turnus* follow with a watchful Eye:
If ought shou'd pass between 'em that's unfair,
You straight shall learn it from your faithful Spy.

Lav. Unfaithful *Turnus*!

Fly, ye Virgins, th' unfaithful Lover:

False his Tears are, and fatal his Wiles.

Man by Nature a Tyrant, a Rover,

Gaily triumphs whene'er he beguiles.

She most wise is,

That despises

Their feign'd Praises, deluding with Smiles. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Tullia manet. Enter Linco.

Linc. *Tullia*, thou art the Idol of my Love,
And Heav'n my Passion seems t' approve.

Tul. I'll try some Secret to obtain. [Aside.
Do's Turnus to Dorinda bow?

Linc. Of this I nothing know.

Tul. Has she not seen him? Say.

Linc. Of that I nothing know.

Tul. He'll nought betray. [Aside.

As thou art a Man of Sense,

Excuse a Maid's Impertinence.

Woman does oft employ her Tongue,

In what does not to her belong.

But

But to our own Affairs let us return,
And tell how much we love, how much we burn.

Linc. For thee what does my Soul endure!

Tul. I know y'are wounded past a Cure.

*These Eyes are made so killing,
That all who look must die.*

*To Art I'm nothing owing;
From Art I nothing want:*

*These Graces genuin flowing,
Despise the help of Paint.*

'Tis Musick but to hear me;

'Tis fatal to come near me,

And Death is in my Eye.

Linc. In short, to cut off farther Speeches,
Thy Tongue's more charming than a Witches.

Tul. Thou art he, my dearest Creature!

Linc. Thou art she, my dearest Creature!

Tul. Linc. For whose sake I'd live and die.

Linc. Cruel Love for thee does wound me.

Tul. I perceive it.

Luc. I believe it.

Tul. And to me it is no wonder:

*For like Thunder,
Bright Charms fly round me.*

Linc. O my Anguish!

Tul. How I languish!

Pretty Creature!

Linc. Hideous Feature!

Both. For thy sake, I pine and die.

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prenceto follow'd by Camilla.

Pren. Lovely Fair, at length reward me,
Or thy cruel Frowns give over.

Since I'm sworn a Slave to Beauty,

Since I'm constant in my Duty,

With

*With a friendly Smile regard me,
Smile, and crown thy faithful Lover.*

*Cam. Fortune, O at length reward me,
And thy cruel Frowns give over.*

*Pren. For Trifles why shou'd you lament,
You that are born to Misery?*

*Cam. Perhaps the King will now relent,
And his promis'd Aid deny.*

*Pren. Wou'd I cou'd be as sure of you,
As that the King will to his Word be true.*

*Cam. Let it suffice, that all I know
Of Love, I do on you bestow.*

*Pren. Yes, yes, 'tis all I want,
Nor wou'd I better thrive:*

A Heart for Heart is all

A Lover can gain.

A Happiness I feel,

No Mortal can reveal.

If all you have you give,

I never must complain.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Manet Camilla. Enter Turnus and Tullia.

*Cam. Awake Camilla, from this Lethargy,
What has Love to do with thee?
Love conspiring with thy Foes,
Does thy Thirst of Pow'r oppose,
Awake, awake, my Heart, and know that I,
Rather than live for Love, wou'd for Ambition die.
My Heart to act is zealous;
But Fear restrains my Hands.*

[Enter Turnus.

*Turn. My Lovely Charmer jealous,
My Wishes still withstands.*

*Cam. Turnus is there.
Once again I'll try my Fate.*

*Turn. My Lovely Charmer jealous,
My Wishes still withstands.*

Cam.

Cam. *And I the curst Occasion
Of her unjust Suspicion.*

[Enter Tullia.

Tul. Together have I found 'em,
And may the Gods confound 'em.

Turn. *My Heart with Grief is blasted.*

Cam. *The Sorrrrw I have tasted
All Sorrow is Exceeding.*

Tul. A very hopeful Traitor!

Turn. Cam. *My Soul in Death lyes Bleeding.*

Tul. Oh that I cou'd come at her!

But Vengeance is at hand.

[molest;

Cam. The Cares are light, that do thy Thoughts
But heaviest Sorrows rage within my Breast.

Turn. No common Grief I do endure.

Cam. Your Grief admits a ready Cure;
If *Lavinia* scorns to love ye,
Queens with Royal Charms may move ye.

Tul. Perfidious Wretch!

Turn. No other Charms my Heart can fire,
In which *Lavinia* reigns entire.

Cam. Suppose *Camilla* still shou'd live,
To whom these *Volscian* Realms are due.

Turn. And if *Camilla* should survive?

Cam. Then she by *Hymen* join'd to you—

Tul. Wholesome Advice!

Cam. By you restor'd in happy Hour,
May bring these Kingdoms as her Dow'r.

Tul. For this *Dorinda*, if I live,
Thanks from the Princess shall receive.

[Exit.

Turn. To King *Latinus* I have giv'n,
My Faith in Sight of conscious Heav'n,
That *Metabo's* devoted Blood
Shall be with Hostile Rage pursu'd.

Cam. What I propose, I don't advise.

Turn. Nor wou'd I from the Fair *Lavinia* change,
Tho' through the World I might a Monarch range.

The Floods shall quit the Ocean,

The Stars their nightly Duty,

When

*When I forsake the Beauty,
That does my Heart command.
The Sun shall lose his Motion,
No Sand the Shore shall cover,
When I forget to love her,
Whose Charms I can't withstand.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Manet Camilla.

Cam. What hast thou said, unwary Maid?
Thou by thy self art now betray'd.
*Dangers ev'ry way surround me,
Torments fresh begin to wound me,
Fate my Wishes flying.
Joy that smil'd awhile around me,
Soon is blasted,
Wither'd, wasted,
And lyes a dying.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Lavinia and Latinus.

Lav. She said, *Camilla* still did live,
And cou'd to him the *Volscian* Kingdom give.
Lat. To a deep Dungeon let her be confin'd,
Her Hands and Feet let sharpest Irons bind.

*Be Cruel and be Jealous,
If safely you wou'd Rule;
The Active, and the Zealous,
Condemn the easie Fool.*

[Exit.]

Lav. *Turnus* is false, and I'm undone,
Dorinda has the Conquest won;
Dorinda spoke, and he obey'd,
Turnus is false, and I'm betray'd.

*Arm me with high Defiance;
Anger, and fell Despair;
Soft Love forbids th' Alliance,
Love will not think of War.*

Death

*Death only can secure me ;
 Abandon'd and despairing ;
 Hope strives in vain t' allure me,
 To dye is better far.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Metius on one side, and Linco on the other ; and
 after Prenesto.*

Linc. My Lord, what Pow'r can now our Fate
 withstand?

Camilla lyes confin'd by the King's hard Command.

Met. Confin'd! for what?

Linc. I cannot learn, but fear
 Our close Designs have reach'd his jealous Ear.

Met. Too true I fear thou hast the Cause assign'd.

Linc. We are all undone!

Met. Can we no Prospect find
 Of sudden Hope?

Linc. Ev'n now methinks I feel the Rope.

Met. Then Death is welcome.

Enter Prenesto.

Pren. *Metius!* *Linco!*

Met. I stand prepar'd to Bleed.

Linc. And *Linco* is already Dead.

Met. *Prenesto's* here, what must we say?

Linc. Fear has ta'en my Tongue away.

Pardon my Lord; and if *Camilla*——

Pren. I all have heard,
 And sure *Dorinda* highly err'd.
 Yet though *Lavinia* does inspire
 With black Revenge my angry Sire;
 My Heart does to Forgiveness bow,
 And would prevent the fatal Blow.

Met. Hopes revive!

Linc. I'm still Alive!

Pren. With thy chosen Bands do thou
 To the Prison with me go.

Linc.

Linc. I with Conduct, void of Fear,
Will follow and bring up the Rear.

Pren. 'Twixt her and Death I'll interpose,
And save her from her bloody Foes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Manent Metius and Linc.

Met. Though fierce the Light'ning flies,
Some Joy it brings our Eyes,
In Darknes's straying.

The Rays our Feet directing,
From Precipice protecting,
A Glimpse of Life procure us,
From Death a while secure us ;
Destruction staying.

[*Exit Metius.*

SCENE X.

Manet Linc.

Linc. The Court for certain's the best School,
To make a States-Man of a Fool.

Since I came hither I've learn'd more
Than I knew all my Life before.

Linc's grown another Creature ;
See this Look, behold this Feature ;
Show me such a Transformation.

Wanton Lasses, with smooth Faces,
Brown or Yellow, Ruddy, Sallow,
With an Ogle thus I warm ye ;

With a Motion thus I Charm ye ;
Let this learned Wig speak for me ;
Let this Shape and Air inform ye,
I'm Sir Courtly of the Nation

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lavinia and Turnus.

Lav. You've both beyond Forgiveness err'd;
Dorinda spoke, and *Turnus* heard.

Turn. Firm to my Vows I still abide.

Lav. Go, let *Camilla* be your Bride.

Turn. Cease, Cruel, tyrannizing,
Give your Resentments over;

Unless, my Vows despising,
You kill your Lover.

Ab! you kill your Lover!

You are my Soul's Ambition;

I have no Wish above ye.

Unjust is your Suspicion;

I constant Love ye.

Lav. Cease, Cruel, to deceive me,

And give your Falshood over;

Lest when unkind you leave me,

You kill your Lover!

Ab! you kill your Lover!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

A Prison. *Enter Camilla; and after Prenesto, Metius, and Linco, and People.*

Cam. Fate, the more it does depress me,

Stronger still I grow t' endure it.

Fortune's Wound shall ne'er oppress me;

Death's at Hand, and soon will cure it.

Enter Prenesto, Metius, Linco, &c.

Pren. *Dorinda*, cease thee to complain;

Thus I break th' unworthy Chain.

Cam. Much I owe for this Release.

Pren. Fly hence, *Dorinda*, and let these

Conduct thee to some other Clime,

Where safe thou may'st forgive my Father's Crime.

Love

Love does a dangerous Task impose,
Giving thee Life, I do my own expose.

Met. Say, Madam, am I understood? [To Cam.

Cam. Is your Assurance firm and good? [To Met.

Met. As firm as Fate. [To Cam.

Cam. All these, you say, [To Pren.

Are arm'd in my Defence, and must my Will obey?

Pren. They are your Slaves.

Cam. Let me this Proof of your Obedience find :
Disarm the Prince, and see him close confin'd.

Pren. From whence this Boldness, treacherous Maid?

Mer. Submit thy self.

Pren. I am betray'd.

Cam. My Arts successfully have thriv'n,
Sure Token of indulgent Heav'n
For know, *Prenesto*, I'm a Queen; in me
No more *Dorinda*, but *Camilla* see. [Exeunt all but Pren.

SCENE XIII.

Pren. *Camilla!* *Metius* is a treacherous Slave!
Curse on these Fetters! O! how I cou'd rave!
The Furies rage within my troubled Breast;
I am with all the Plagues of Hell possess'd.
Lavinia! *Father!* *Metius!* *Camilla!*

Let the Light'ning,

Flashing, Flying,

Dreadful Thunder,

Fates defying,

Rend the guilty World asunder:

But Camilla,

O forbear her!

Let the Furies

From Hell ascending

Goad the Guilty

With Pains ne'er ending:

But Camilla, ye Gods, in Pity spare her.

S C E N E XIV.

*The Palace.**Enter Latinus, Turnus, Lavinia, Attendance, &c.**Begins with a Dance,**Lat. Lavinia here from me receive.**Turn Matchless is the Fair you give.**Lav. Hail happy Hour, I now am bless'd.**Turn. and Lav. Hand and Heart from me receive.**Enter Tullia.**Tul. To Arms, to Arms! Rebellious Crouds
Haste to the Palace.**Lat. Whence this Noise?**Tul. The People, with a general Voice,
Cry, Live Camilla! and they cry,
Guilty Latinus, let him die.**Lat. Camilla! and alive!**Lav. O fatal Change!**Turn I will in thy Defence advance.**Lat. Old tho' I am, yet still I know
To wield the Sword, and bend the Bow.*S C E N E *the Last.**Camilla and her Party Enter, and after some Resistance
Disarm Latinus and the rest.**Tul. Mercy to a tender Maid!**Cam Haste, Linco,
And hither see the Prince convey'd;
Chain'd like a Pris'ner let him come,
And here attend from me his Doom.**Lat. My Son in Chains!**Cam. To Tyrants and Usurpers too,
Severest Vengeance sure is due.*

Prenesto

Preneſto is brought in.

Lat. My Son!

Lav. My deareſt Brother!

Pren. *Lavinia!* Father!

Turn. *Preneſto!*

Pren. *Turnus!*

Cam. No more!

Your ineffectual Tears give o'er.

Preneſto firſt by this ſhall bleed;

And when in thy *Lavinia's* Blood 'tis dy'd,

Thine ſhall ſwell the Purple Tide.

Die then, *Preneſto*.

Pren. Strike!

Cam. But on this Breſt.

Pren. Ye heav'nly Powers.

Cam. Love has prevail'd, and Anger is no more.

Lat. O Heav'n!

Turn. O Love!

Lav. O Fate!

Cam. To ſcreen thee from the People's Hate,
I doom'd thee to Imprifonment.

Henceforth be Sov'raign of my Heart,

And rule it in an Husband's Right.

Pren. A Joy ſo ſudden, I can ſcarce believe.

Cam. Fair *Lavinia*, now,
Be you in *Turnus* happy, he in you.

Turn. The Gods are juſt.

Cam. And Sir, do you [To *Latinus*.]
Learn what to Juſtice, and to Merit's due.

Lat. Anger do's now to Friendſhip yield.

Cam. Let Peace and Love poſſeſs each Heart.

Linc. Thou art my *Cupid*.

Linc. Thou my *Psyche* art.

CHOR. Happy, happy is the Swain,
Who loves, and has not lov'd in vain. [Exeunt Omnes.]



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. Estcourt. Spoken by Mrs.
Oldfeild.

OUR Neighbours lately, with an Ill Design,
Strove the Contending Play-Houses to Join;
But, bless'd with greater Charity than they,
For the Prosperity of Both, we pray.
Our Prince, not envious of his Rival's Throne,
Lives like First Monarchs, happy with his own.
Too kind to wish his Enemies should yield;
He left 'em free,——New Theatres to Build.
And see what Fruits from Our Divisions spring,
Both Houses now Italian Musick Sing.
The Fair can only tell which pleases best;
For Ladies always have the nicest Taste.
But this We know, had that dire Union been,
You ne'er in England had Camilla seen.
They wou'd some Masque have shewn, or Country
Farce;
Paris's Judgment, or the Loves of Mars:
But since the Stage's Freedom you Restore,
And we no more dread Arbitrary Pow'r,

To

EPILOGUE.

*To please this Audience, we'll no Charges spare,
But chearfully maintain a Vig'rous War.
New Funds we'll raise, and heavy Taxes lay,
Dancers and Singers (Dear Allies) to pay.
Acting shall Shine, and Poetry Revive,
And Emulation make our Empire Thrive.
In ev'ry Play you see, or Song you hear,
Pleasure, and Life, and Freedom shall appear.
Our Stage is thus an Emblem of the State,
With Mildness Rul'd, by Opposition Great.
Abroad we Conquer our insulting Foes,
And Universal Monarchy Oppose:
Yet feel the Blessings of a Peaceful Reign,
And safe at Home our Liberties Maintain.*

F I N I S.



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